

we drank too many beers and got too scared of the dark by **EvieSmallwood**

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Summary:

Nancy Wheeler doesn't go to parties. She doesn't get drunk, she doesn't give romantic confessions over the phone, and she most certainly doesn't lose her boyfriend in a house on Cherry road.

Well, maybe she's done those things once...

we drank too many beers and got too scared of the dark

She was giggling so much that her sides hurt, holding onto his shoulders as he swayed drunkenly. “You’re an idiot, Steve Harrington,” she breathed, meeting his eyes.

That’s when she realised it was dark; she couldn’t see them. Nancy let go of his jacket and fumbled around for the light switch on the wall, flicking it on. A dim brightness filled the room. She turned around just as Steve lunged forward and grabbed her around the waist. He threw them both down on the bed.

Nancy was still laughing as he kissed her, because kissing a drunk Steve Harrington was like making out with a doped up dog. His warm lips pressed sloppily against her cheek, when he was really aiming for her mouth.

“You’re beautiful,” he said, drawing away to look at her. Nancy caught her breath, pushing his hair from his forehead.

“We should go,” she found herself saying. Some part of her knew that if they stayed at this stupid party any longer, they would both end up passing out in this bedroom. The door wasn’t even locked. Anyone (Billy) could walk in on them and do whatever the hell he wanted to their sleeping bodies. She didn’t like that idea much, and so she forced herself to sit up.

The world span. Steve made a disappointed sound and plopped face-first into the pillows. Nancy rubbed her temples. She reached out and nudged his foot. “Steve...” he groaned lightly. “Don’t fall asleep, okay?”

He jerked his head up in what she hoped was a nod. Nancy stood, swayed, and then stumbled over to the door, flipping the lock. She could hear the music through the thin slab of wood, so loud it was vibrating the walls. Her eyes scanned the room and landed on a yellow phone, sitting in wait on the right nightstand.

She dialled the number she knew by heart, twirling the cord around

her finger while it rang (and rang, and rang).

Finally, his groggy voice filled the other end of the line with a warmth that calmed her entirely. "Hello?"

"Hey," she said, closing her eyes briefly. "It's me. Nancy. Wheeler."

Jon huffed a laugh. "Yeah. Are you okay?"

"Uh..." She glanced at Steve, who was most definitely asleep, and sighed. "Drunk. Can you pick us up?"

"I um—" there was a pause, and a scuffle. He was getting out of bed. *Fuck, I woke him up.* "Yeah. Where are you?"

"Cherry. It's like, way loud here. And thanks. I love you."

She gently put the phone back into the cradle and blinked as her mind caught up with her mouth. "Oh, *fuck.*"

"Wanna?"

Steve was eyeing her both hopefully and playfully. Nancy grabbed a pillow and threw it at him, but it barely grazed his back. "Did you hear what I just said?! I told him I love him, Steve."

"It's okay," he laughed, grabbing her wrist and pulling her onto the bed. "I love him too sometimes."

Nancy sank into his chest. "Just sometimes?"

"Okay, *always,*" Steve sighed. "Most of the time."

She laughed, but it faltered, because even if they both loved him and both knew it, it wasn't the same. It wasn't real until Jon knew it was true, not some slurred, accidental goodbye over the phone. She hated that she'd ruined it with that.

All of it was just a feeling, then, though; a feeling of sinking and losing and fear.

The next thing she knew, she was jolted out of some dreamless daze. Nancy focused blearily on the figure above her. Jon's brow was furrowed, and his hair was messy. "Where's Steve?"

"What?" She sat up. "He was..."

"He's not here," Jonathan helped her to her feet. "He didn't wake—"

But they didn't have to wonder any further, because the sound of retching from the joint bathroom was enough of a tell. Nancy hurried over to the door, jiggling the knob. "It's locked," she breathed.

Jonathan pursed his lips. He leaned forward. "Steve? Are you okay?"

Nancy hissed, drawing away from his loud tone. "Jesus," she muttered.

"Sorry," Jon turned the knob, too, impatient with their lack of response. "Steve, please open the door?"

They waited in silence, foreheads pressed against the door. Nancy met Jon's eyes. Weakly, she reached out for his hand and intertwined their fingers. Jon stared at her, and then pulled away. "Steve? Please?"

She tried to ignore the loud screaming in her ears. The lock clicked. And that's when Nancy remembered.

I locked the fucking door.

There was no light inside the bathroom. For two whole seconds they stared into the darkness. Her heart was pounding. Something shifted, and then she was staring Billy Hargrove right in the face. There was a knife in his hand, and he was smirking.

She'd been afraid before, but along with the fear had come adrenaline; when Steve and Jon had fought in that alley, and when the demogorgon had attacked the three of them. She hadn't really had time to feel afraid, then, because she was too busy trying not to die.

This time, it was different. This time, she was drunk, with the

beginnings of a hangover leering on the edges. This time, she didn't know where Steve was, and for all she did know, he was a bloody mess in that dark bathroom (maybe lying mutilated in the bathtub).

Choking back a sob, Nancy grabbed Jon by the arm and yanked him to attention. "Go," she said, and so they went.

The party was still ongoing. Music blared in her ears as she pulled Jon through the garbage-layered hallways and down the stairs. She almost tripped over a solo cup, but he steadied her.

Nancy could hear Billy's footsteps behind them. She remembered all of the things she'd heard about him; all the things she'd seen. The rumours that he'd killed his real mother, that he beat his father to keep him quiet.

That he beat Max, too, for much the same reason and many more.

She knew that one was true, because she'd seen the blue and purple bruises on Max's skin. The wrist marks. The scratches. The way she held certain parts of her body some days. The way she was always on guard.

It was all so subtle, but it was obvious enough when you stood her next to Joyce Byers; the two had the same look in their eyes—the look that said: *no matter how much I love you, I still won't trust you all the way.*

It was a look that broke Nancy's heart, but she couldn't do anything. No one could.

Jon pulled her outside. The night air was like a slap to the face. He yanked her around the side of the house. They hovered behind a tree for a moment. "Climb up," Jon said.

Nancy blinked, tearing her gaze away from the back door. "W-what?"

"Climb up," he panted. "Come on, go."

She nodded, and without discussing it he helped her up, giving her a small boost to the first branches. Nancy went a little higher, settling on a secure bough of the old oak, before offering a hand to Jon.

They were hidden well enough in the leaves. She bit back a gasp as the door opened. Billy rushed out, racing across the lawn. Right past them. Thank god.

She leaned back against the trunk—or tried to, anyway; Jon reached out and stopped her, eyes wide. “Nancy,” he breathed. “Look.”

Nancy swallowed, turning slightly. She felt it before she saw it; the thick strands of slime sticking to the back of her shirt, soaking cold into the fabric. “Jesus,” she hissed. “Jesus, what...?”

“I don't know,” he whispered. “I don't know...”

It hit her all at once, then. She sobbed, covering her mouth with her hand. *What if he's dead, what if he's dead, what if he's dead...*

“Come on,” Jon grabbed her hand again. He squeezed, and some sort of warmth passed through her. It was an *I love you* sort of warmth. An *I'm sorry* warmth. “Let's go find him, okay?”

They slipped out of the tree, hurrying back across the lawn. Nancy almost crippled under the sharp layer of smoke in the air. They squirmed through the crowds of people, fingers loosely linked, eyes squinted shut.

The bathroom door was still open. Nancy held her breath as she crept toward it. She was a foot away before she turned back to him, tears streaming down her cheeks. “I can't look,” she said.

“Nancy, he's probably not in there, okay?”

“But what if he is?! Billy had a knife—”

“I know—”

“Please just... please. I can't do it.”

He looked away, and that was when she realised he was crying too. “You think I can?” He shook his head. “You're supposed to be the brave one, Nancy Wheeler.”

Nancy swallowed back another sob and marched over to the

bathroom. She flicked the light on.

Nothing. Empty.

She almost fell, and would have if Jon hadn't caught her. His arm was secure around her waist, the only thing holding her up. She felt hot tears land on her neck. "Not there," Jon said.

"No," she nodded. "Not there."

"Behind you, you dramatic weirdos."

There was a grin in his voice. Nancy practically shot out of Jon's arms. She tore across the bedroom and tackled Steve, throwing him into the wall. Something spilled. "You son of a bitch!" She sobbed, slamming her fists against his chest. "I thought you were dead! Jesus fucking Christ, don't do that! Don't you *ever* do that to me again!"

Steve's eyes were wide. "All I did was get a drink," he said. "What the hell happened?!"

Jon, behind them, shook his head. He grabbed Steve by the arm and yanked him close. Nancy thought he meant to hug him, or hit him, but instead he kissed him.

Steve froze, and Jon did too, like he couldn't believe what he was doing. None of them could, really. They all stood in the quiet, until Nancy gasped.

Steve's beer had soaked into the carpet and stretched as far as the tips of her toes, soaking through her socks (where had her shoes gone?). She cleared her throat. "Sorry. It was... cold."

Steve blinked. And then he laughed. Jonathan breathed, eyes never leaving Steve's face. "I—"

"Before you apologise," Steve shrugged, fiddling with the hem of Jon's flannel. "You're sort of a great kisser."

They were both blushing. Nancy could just see their faces in the dim light. Her cheeks felt hot, but not from embarrassment. This didn't feel like intrusion at all. It felt solid. It felt right.

“We should go,” she blurted. “To the car. Before he comes back.”

“And then we can make out more, right?”

Nancy grabbed them both. “As much as you like. I just don't want to be here anymore.”

But I'd like to stay with you both forever.

Author's Note:

This was written pre-season 2. I remember being so nervous about making Billy so unstable and creepy, lol. Anyway, I like to think that this is set after season 2, in some alternate universe where Steve and Nancy never broke up (or: the universe we all want).

Thank you for reading! Feedback is appreciated!